PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS OF 1940

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LAND OF LITERARY PLENTY
By V. F. Calverton

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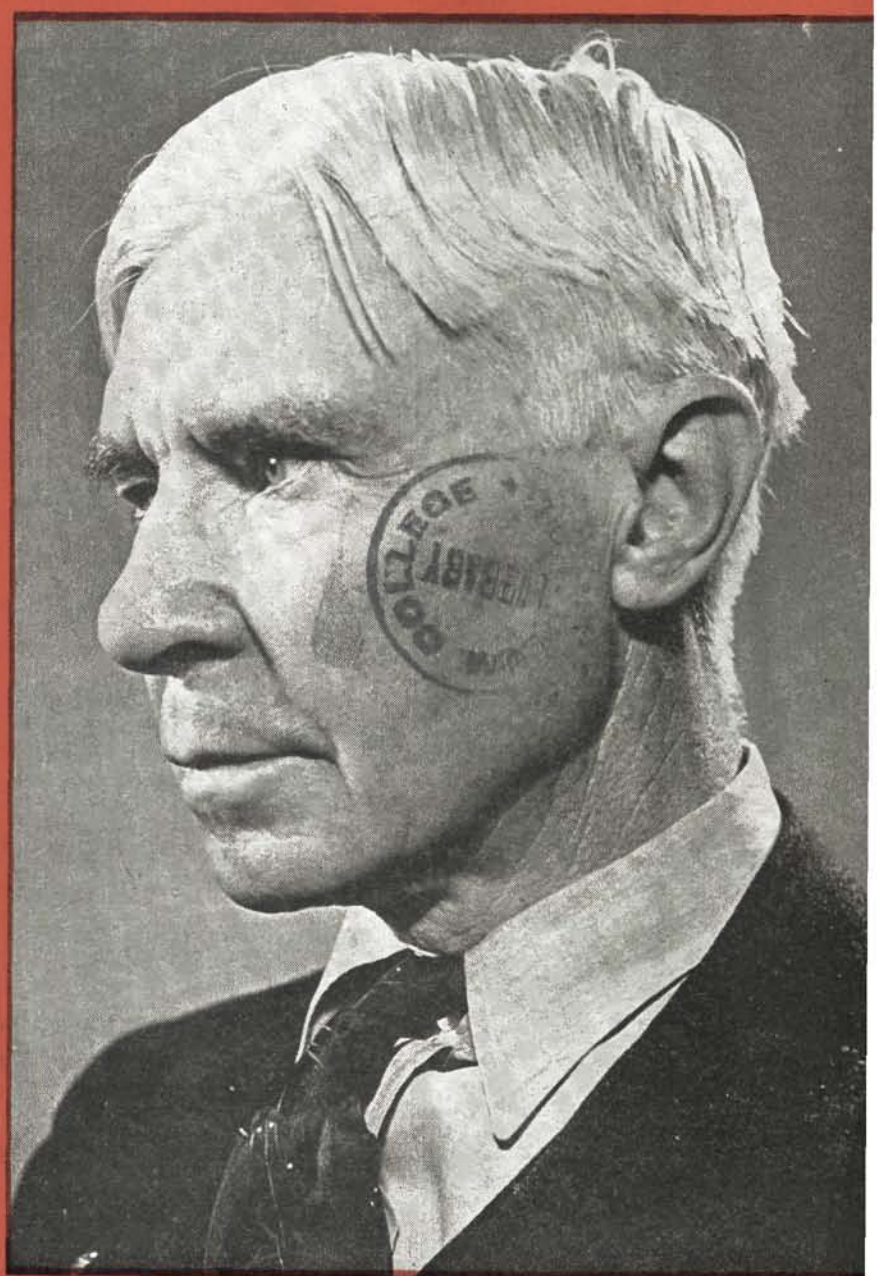

Eric Schaal

CARL SANDBURG, PULITZER PRIZE WINNER IN HISTORY

(See page 5)

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You are invited to meet

THE MOST ASTOUNDING PERSONALITY IN AMERICAN HISTORY

HE was the idol of the great untracked frontier from New York to Canada and the lakes because he could drink more, swear louder and more eloquently, out-wrastle any other man in that region—and yet he was an honored guest of the aristocrats of the British army and navy who captured him; he defied royal governors, state legislatures and the Continental Congress to build a state, yet Washington, Lee, Gates, Burgoyne and other leaders rated him a great patriot; he wrote a popular best-seller when books were a rarity, and a philosophical treatise on religion which set the president of Yale University into nervous jitters—and yet could lead a bayonet charge or bushwhack an Iroquois brave! His historical capture of Ticonderoga, at the head of untrained farmers, was *the least* of his strategic triumphs. *Ladees and gentlemen!* . . . .

ETHAN ALLEN

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

Author of "IRON BREW", "HOLY OLD MACKINAW", etc.

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Land of Literary Plenty

V. F. CALVERTON

This is the first of a series of interpretative articles on the development of contemporary American literature, with emphasis upon the literature of the thirties, which will appear in these pages from time to time.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

AMERICA has produced the most interesting and challenging, and certainly the most fertile literature in the world today. Nevertheless, it remains a literature of ephemeral and episodic intensity. Literary generations in America, as Van Wyck Brooks long ago pointed out, have no longevity. Lacking a school, which is necessary to a tradition, our attitudes and tastes in literature as in everything else have shifted from one pivot to another, each one more wobbly, more insecure than the one before. American interests have seldom been able to stay put, and have rarely been able to root themselves in any place or person for long. What one generation reveres, the next generation scorns.

A half a decade has often been enough to make the most prized and precious ideas and personalities look anachronistic. We have no Shaw or Wells or Maugham, or no J. M. Robertson, now unfortunately dead, who have dominated thought and literature for generations, and whose output seldom deteriorated. The best we have is a Theodore Dreiser, who reached the literary climax of his career with "An American Tragedy," and hasn't written another significant book since; a Sinclair Lewis, who wrote three memorable novels but has written increasingly worse novels thereafter, with no climax, alas, in sight; an Ernest Hemingway, who has written in "Farewell to Arms" and in many of his short stories the best imaginative prose of our generation, but who has not been able to produce a first rate work in ten years; a Henry L. Mencken, whose eloquence thundered up and down the literary highways and byways in the twenties, but whose voice now has been turned into a senile squeak. American writers rise and fall, flash and sputter, give off brilliant light, but then fade, their glow degraded into glitter. English writers of the old school are less meteoric, less spectacular, but more lasting and steadily luminous. America, alas, as too much evidence proves, is a country of fads and faddists; we believe in everything for a time, but in nothing for a long time. We lack a sense of values—persistent, stable, enduring values.

Drawing by Schreiber

H. L. Mencken's voice has become a squeak.

In the main American writers have one thing to say and know only one way to say it. Variety is not one of their virtues. Almost always you can tell in advance the kind of book an American author will write—it will bear close resemblance to his previous ones. Seldom does an established American author experiment with a new form or attempt a new approach to his materials. Usually he is too afraid of losing his reading public. Like Charlie Chaplin, he dares not play Hamlet because the public will refuse to recognize him in that role. This is true of all the arts, and not only of literature and the cinema.

This has resulted in a strange paradox; namely, that many of the best works of American authors have been their earlier ones, *viz.*, Farrell's "Studs Lonigan," F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Great Gatsby," Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" and "A Story Teller's Story," Clifford Odets's "Waiting for Lefty" and "Awake and Sing." Their later works seldom achieve such distinction and significance. In other words, instead of growing, so many American writers stand still, or, worse, grow backwards. It is as if they grew up too fast and lack energy and staying power; they were old before they were young. In fact, many of them never were intellectually young. Like Ernest Boyd, one of the leading critics of the twenties, they were old men when they were thirty. They became sophisticated, omniscient, pontifical, grew spiritual if not physical beards, and strutted when they wrote.

Drawing by A. D'Amato

Theodore Dreiser never finished any proletarian novels per prescription. . . .

Yet, as I said in the beginning of this article, American literature today is better than that of any other country. How explain the anomaly? The explanation is mainly quantitative. We have so much talent and genius revealing itself every year that our literature is constantly fresh and new. If our older writers do not regale us with more significant and greater books, we are always bound to have younger writers spring up who will—only in turn, alas, to be

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succeeded shortly thereafter by still younger.

Now all this has been borne out most conspicuously by the development of American literature in the last two decades. The decade of the twenties was one of scepticism, cynicism, and literary nihilism, that of the thirties one of convictions with idealism riding high in the communist saddle, that of the forties—well, who knows? Perhaps it will be one of new orientations, new adjustments, new vision. To date it is a fulfillment of the thirties, although few reviewers and critics seem to be aware of it. It was the proletarian movement which dominated the thirties; everyone who could knot his tie was talking about it, to the dismay of Messrs. Mencken, Boyd, Cabell, and Lewisohn, who had been the literary mandarins of the twenties. During most of the thirties, however, the proletarian movement produced little that was interesting and less that was significant. It was only at the very end of the thirties and the beginning of the forties that the movement achieved the richness of realization in John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" and Richard Wright's "Uncle Tom's Children" and "Native Son."

But let us at this point turn to the decade of the twenties without which it is impossible to understand that of the thirties. The twenties was unique in literary history. It was like no other decade. It was born of the aftermath of the First World War and it carried the seeds of the war in it. From a literary point of view it was a period of wild extremes, incoherent experimentations, violent hostilities and confusions. Europe as well as America was caught in its chaos. Those were the days when Dadaism flourished and Tristan Tzara's belief in *nothingness* captured the romantic-minded intellectuals, who were disgusted with a civilization which caused so much destruction and death. In America this spirit found expression in such magazines as the *Little Review, The Dial,* and most typically in *transition,* published in France, but mainly by American expatriates. In art there were the faces of sad, forlorn horses, beneath which there would be a title such as The Wailing Violin; in poetry and prose there were the abracadabra lines of E. E. Cummings, whose description of a goldfish still defies translation:

> a: crimblitteringish is arefloatsis
> ingfallall! mill, shy milbrightlions
> my (hurl flicker handful
> in) dodging are shybrighteyes is
> crumbs (alll) if, ey Es.

It was *transition,* however, which gave the final touch to it all when it issued its famous proclamation: "The writer expresses; he does not communicate." All responsibility to the reader was cancelled. Nothing but the individual writer mattered. Their aim was to get away from the exterior world, which was so lethal, and explore the interior world of the brain, where man could be alone with himself in a private universe. Margaret Anderson, editor of *The Little Review,* expressed that feeling aptly when she wrote at the beginning of her book, "My Thirty Years War": "My greatest enemy is reality. I have fought it successfully for thirty years."

This literary nihilism was succeeded here by the rise of the free-beer, free-state, free-for-all school of criticism, which had Mencken as its joker, George Jean Nathan as its right bower, and Ernest Boyd as its left. They were the hell-fire men of the decade. They despised the Nihilist crowd because they thought the latter were literary sissies, half-men, she-men. The controversy between them reached its acme of absurdity when, according to Burton Rascoe's account, Malcolm Cowley threatened to knife, disembowel, and quarter Ernest Boyd for what the Irish critic said about him in his essay, *Esthete, Model 1924.* They were the greenback days when the dashing boys and girls in college and out proclaimed their wisdom and sophistication by carrying copies of the *American Mercury.*

Of such stuff was this group made. Moral and social values were scorned, and a kind of joyous cynicism developed. Beliefs of all kinds were sneered at—in fact, it was a period of the exaltation of the sneer. Negativism was extolled and positivism decried.

ALL this changed, almost overnight, with the turn of the thirties. The beneficent influence, spiritually speaking, of the Wall Street crash and the ensuing depression encouraged Americans to adopt a more serious outlook. The Menckenians lost their power, the *American Mercury* lost the larger part of its circulation, Mencken retreated to Baltimore, got married in violation of his anti-marital credo, and retired into an enforced oblivion. Few of the Menckenians survived. Everything they stood for developed into the opposite in the new decade. Moral and social values became imperative and were exalted by both the right and the left. T. S. Eliot declared that "the greatest poets have been concerned with moral values," and many other humanist critics repeated the same formula. Cynicism lost its pagan enchantment. A large percentage of the *American Mercury* contributors and readers joined the moral crusade led by the humanists or the

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THE PULITZER AWARDS

FICTION: JOHN STEINBECK'S "GRAPES OF WRATH"
POETRY: MARK VAN DOREN'S "COLLECTED POEMS"
DRAMA: WILLIAM SAROYAN'S "THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE"
BIOGRAPHY: CARL SANDBURG'S "ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS"
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THE unexpected occurred only once in the literary selections of this year's Pulitzer Prize jury. Carl Sandburg figured as a winner somewhere along the line since his "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years" was not eligible for consideration in the biography classification; John Steinbeck's failure to win the fiction award would have precipitated a revolution; and Mark Van Doren's "Collected Poems" seemed a logical choice. But everyone had apparently overlooked Ray Stannard Baker's "Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters" for the biography award. Not that the work was undeserving—it is a first-rate accomplishment in our historical literature—but it had been in execution for so many years that it had become a quiet institution.

Announcement of the new prize winners, made as this issue goes to press (Monday evening, May 6), is expected to receive wide commendation. The big question was whether the Pulitzer Committee could break away from its tradition sufficiently to honor a novel which was full of raw meat—a novel which was so far ahead of the rest of the field of American fiction last year that henceforth 1939 shall be a landmark in our literary history.

Three of the four titles selected by the Pulitzer Prize committee were heavy favorites in the poll of the nation's literary editors and book reviewers conducted several weeks ago by *The Saturday Review*. In fiction, John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" dominated the field, receiving thirty-nine out of forty-eight votes. The only novel polling more than a single vote was Thomas Wolfe's "The Web and the Rock," which was favored on three ballots.

Thirty-four critics, it will be recalled, selected Carl Sandburg as the winner in biography, but eight critics, apparently anticipating the ineligibility of "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years" for the biography award, selected Mr. Sandburg for the prize in history.

In poetry, Mark Van Doren's "Collected Poems" was at the top of the balloting in this classification with ten votes—one ahead of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Huntsman, What Quarry?" and five ahead of Robert Frost's "Collected Poems."

Not a single critic submitting his nominations selected Ray Stannard Baker's "Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters" to receive the biography award. Behind the favorite, "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," in *The Saturday Review* poll, was Henry Seidel Canby's "Thoreau," which received eight votes, and Henry F. Pringle's "The Life and Times of William Howard Taft."

The awards in journalism went to the Waterbury (Conn.) *Republican and American* for its campaign exposing municipal graft, in the "public service" classification; to Otto Tolischus, of the *New York Times*, for his foreign correspondence from Berlin, with honorable mention to Lloyd Lehbras, of the United Press; to Bart Howard, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, for distinguished editorial writing; to Burton Heath, of the *New York World-Telegram*, for his reporting disclosures of municipal graft; and to Edmund Duffy, of the *Baltimore Sun*, for cartoons.

The Fiction Award

JOHN ERNST STEINBECK was born in Salinas, Calif., on February 27, 1902. From childhood, spent in the heart of California's lettuce growing region among ranchers and farmers, he knew the ways of working men, was aware of their problems, awake to their difficulties, their sorrows, and their pleasures. As a young boy he ran cultivators, worked with the cattle, did rough labor of all sorts and then, having made up his mind that he wanted to go to college, chose Stanford and thereafter attended that institution intermittently, taking time off again and again to work and then going back to his studies. In the middle 1920's he came to New York, got a job for a short time on a newspaper and losing that, he put in some time as a hod carrier for the new Madison Square Garden. Unsuccessful in his quest for work in New York, he went

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Mark Van Doren

William Saroyan

John Steinbeck

Ray Stannard Baker

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Postscripts on Spain

THE BRAVE AND THE BLIND. By Michael Blankfort. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1940. 376 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES BENÉT

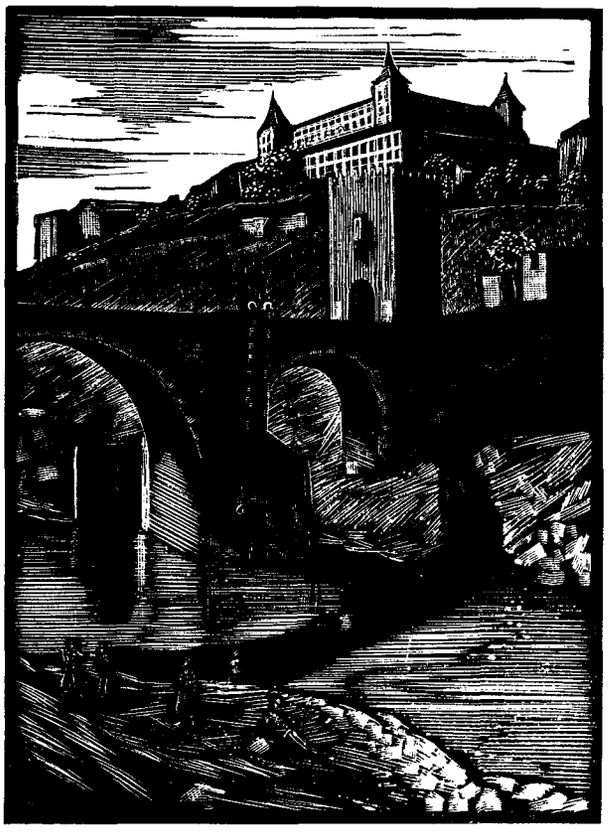
THE siege of the Alcazar was—do you remember?—in the summer of 1936, at the very beginning of the Spanish War, which was the beginning of the wars in Europe. That was a long time ago.

It was the occasion when the traitors against the Spanish Republic seized wives and families of the working people of Toledo, and held them as hostages in the famous medieval pile, the Alcazar. And the Republicans withheld their attacks for fear of killing innocents—their own wives and children, some of them—although the military men were quite right in saying that hesitation was bad tactics, so at last they tunneled underneath to lay mines, but it was too late. After more than two months of siege the Alcazar was relieved, and ever since then there have been those who have called it a famous victory, a famous fascist victory. Nowadays the newspapers say that the Hegra fortress, for example, "may go down in history as Norway's Alcazar." But if the garrison of Hegra are democrats one can hardly believe they will take that as a compliment.

Mr. Blankfort's story is the story of the defense of the Alcazar from the inside. It is the story of the fascists, the near-fascists, and the merely bewildered, from the inside—how they live and think and what they are. Mr. Blankfort has created them living and suffering, spreadeagled between the desire to live which the long, dangerous boredom of the siege intensifies so terribly, and the conviction that they must die bravely, for the king, for their property, for their class, for empire. . . . They are many different sorts of men, but, as far as they make conscious decisions, one might say, as Mr. Blankfort seems to imply, that they have in common that the thing they hold dearest must be protected against the power of the advancing people. They share the necessity of smashing democracy, each basing his necessity on a private pride or dream or property.

The best and most vividly created character is the young journalist Fernando Diaz, a writer for *El Debate* of Madrid, who comes proudly to join the defense of the Alcazar. The exploration of the roots of his decision gives opportunity for the book's most eloquent passages. Mr. Blankfort is most successful at exposing the dreams and desires of his characters, slightly less successful in recreating the terrible events and scenes of the seventy days. At the end of the book, however, when the siege is won, he writes violent and tragic scenes with skill and deep feeling. A more powerful writer might have written a more terrible book, but on the whole Michael Blankfort has done justice to the defenders of the Alcazar.

From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp.
The Bridge to Alcazar



James Benét was in the service of the Spanish Republic for a year and a half during the war.

HOTEL IN FLIGHT. By Nancy Johnstone. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1940. 378 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RALPH BATES

SOME nights I used to hang a hurricane lamp over the roof balustrade of the Canals' house in the fourteenth century half of Tossa de Mar; and seeing the light, André Masson, fat Papa Zugel, and the other painters sitting beneath the plane trees of the beach café, would come barging into our fourteenth century kitchen and help me haul a small barrel of wine up to my flat roof. There we would sit, under a sky rocketed full of quicksilver, overlooking the Mediterranean, the new-moon bay, the dragon-backed island and the baroque half of our village that lay beyond the Gothic walls. And there, on my roof, *on parlait peinture* as one emptied the barrel, or one recounted the fishermen's scandal, or some new exploit of the village priest, nicknamed the Organ Boy, as merry a little thief as ever stole tubes of paint for his astounding seascapes.

Ay de mi, listen to this piece of scandal from the Golden Age. The Organ Boy was too poor to buy colors and so André used to put out a few tubes of cheap ultramarine and cobalt (the only colors the Organ Boy used) and turn his head while the proud little priest stole them. But one day the Organ Boy lifted a tube of lapis lazuli and got as far as the street with it. "Goddamn you, father," André yelled from the balcony, shaking his fist at the priest, "can't you keep your blasted eyes open?"

But there never was a Golden Age. My memory idealizes Tossa de Mar because it was the most beautiful village in all Spain and because I wrote a novel there and lived like a lord on a dollar a day, wine included. And even had there been a Golden Age—well, on page 335 of "Hotel in Flight," an American newspaperman congratulates the author of this book for having got out in the nick of time.

"Do you know," he said, "that your Tossa was taken after heavy fighting two days ago?" And so the Italian fascists who had bombed Paradise and blown its golden sands over broken houses, banged their way into our town. And that's that, they said.

Every page of this book awakens memories in me and will awaken re-

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Aseptic Miracles In India

NIGHT IN BOMBAY. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IT is all here, and all here shining and dark and swift moving. But the same Americans who went clean and honorable and adventurous to Graustark and Central America are in Mr. Bromfield's Bombay aseptic miracles among lechers and procuresses, thieves and parasites all crowded together in a swift few weeks of coincidences and complications, modern and glittering, but advancing to the same satisfactory escape of the deserving and punishment of the wicked. And the going is swell.

It is not quite so simple as that. Mr. Bromfield is a modern with little faith in the purely angelic or the purely diabolical. Even old Baroness Stefani is pitiful in her pimping and tragic as she considers her old ugliness and the uncertainty which a modern Europe has made around her thrift. Flora Trollope is not merely a cheap thief and adhesive pest, she is almost a desperate figure because of her fear of a pursuing poverty. Even old "Jelly," the Maharajah of Jellapore, is not merely bad but bored. Also, he shares with the unpleasant Mr. Botlivala, whose jewelry Carol Halma took for nothing, the sad suggestion of impotence among riches.

Nor are the good perfect. The procession of the tale is the escape of Homer Merrill, no thin-lipped missionary but strained to cracking by his social and agricultural labors among the poor of Jellapore, from an almost lethal Puritanism, and the corresponding escape out of the same circumstances of rich Bill Wainwright, his Cornell roommate, from the irresponsibility of an affable "good time Charlie." Carol Halma, who called him that before they were divorced in good nature and good will, looks in India—lovely in her Paris clothes, or out of them—like an expensive tart even to the discerning. But beyond the clutching of Mr. Botlivala, of the Baroness, of Mrs. Trollope, and between the adorations of Bill and Homer, the ancient excellence of the girl, born Olga Janssen on a Minnesota farm, emerges in the rapture of being desired. Beyond protests and the police and her own questionings, she goes gladly with her Homer to Jellapore where the cholera is raging among the poor.

Again there is no simplicity of happy ending. In three years in that climate, the Governor says, Carol's loveliness will be no longer disturbing. Nor simplicity of virtuous ending. As Bill Wainwright counts his success beyond his sacrifice for the two he loves, he knows that he succeeded because he had an adulterous affair with

Louis Bromfield has given us the best gin sling for a young summer

an aristocratic lady in England and because he was practically raped on a train by a former Levantine prostitute who had married a high Fascist functionary. Life in Bombay—life anywhere—is crowded and confused but through such confusion, through the crowded lobby and the big bar of the Taj Mahal Hotel, through an often fuddled atmosphere of champagne and gin slings, virtue could have no better guide than Mr. Bromfield.

All together "Night in Bombay" is a brilliant job. Those who expect to find a revealing picture of teeming India in the days just preceding this war (sometime after Vienna was incorporated into the Reich apparently), will be disappointed. Surrounding poverty and angry Indian politics merely serve to point Homer Merrill's goodness and Carol Halma's disgrace. The far off affairs of Europe are important only as they disturbed the Baroness's calculations about her savings from the services of her girls. Indeed, in the whole book there is not the slightest pretense at special significance.

This is fiction for fun. And as such it is done with sophistication, good meaty sentimentality, a shrewd seeing eye for surfaces, and the greatest skill in writing for pure entertainment. Half-way between Richard Harding Davis and Ernest Hemingway, the story catches and holds the romantic attention of these times. It is smart enough to please such intellectuals as are not afraid to relax, and it will certainly satisfy those souls who read for entertainment and not as a chore in adult education. Mr. Bromfield has given us the best gin sling for our young summer: it has both the right flavor and the correct alcoholic content.

Your Literary I. Q.

QUIZ No. 15

By Howard Collins

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

Briefly described below are ten of literature's outstanding members of the servant class. How many of them do you recognize? Allow 5 points for each one you can call by name, and another 5 points if you can name the authors who created them. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 14.

1. He left a single footprint in the middle of a sandy beach.

2. She kept house for a consulting detective and a retired army doctor.

3. A believer in the inequality of man, this subservient butler became his master's boss when they were shipwrecked on a desert island.

4. She was fortunately not allergic to ice cubes.

5. This faithful squire became governor of Barataria, an island surrounded by land.

6. She was the barmaid at the Angler's Rest.

7. Though the villain pursued her and pursued her, her virtue was rewarded when he married her in the end.

8. Her family lived in a superannuated boat that had been beached on the sand at Yarmouth.

9. This butler's talent for photography proved valuable to his employer, an aristocratic and wealthy amateur detective.

10. She found confession magazines more interesting than life in the night club dressing room where she worked as a maid.

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THE PULITZER AWARDS

IT IS PROBABLE that the current Pulitzer Awards will meet with more general approval than those of any recent years. They have now been awarded for two decades, two-thirds of a generation, long enough to recognize the work of all our outstanding authors of seasoned reputation. There are to be sure, curious omissions in the list; Robinson Jeffers, a highly original and powerful writer, has never been honored in poetry; and in fiction the lack of any recognition of Ellen Glasgow, certainly by any standard of judgment, one of the most competent novelists of our time in English, is extraordinary. It has been charged at times that the Pulitzer Committee has not kept pace, or even step, with literary history.

The award this year to John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" is, however, a happy departure from precedent and an indication of greater flexibility. "The Grapes of Wrath" belongs definitely to the category of new tones and new tastes in the novel. Steinbeck represents the tough fibre of the newer American fiction; in its vocabulary his novel is colloquial to vulgarity, with a freedom of reference to what used to be the unmentionable in polite fiction—or any fiction—which has not been exceeded even by Hemingway or Caldwell. It is, however, a novel in a great American tradition, to which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" belongs. Steinbeck has grappled with the vital problem of migratory labor and the American dispossessed from his soil with the same emotional intensity, the same moral fervor that inspired Harriet Beecher Stowe.

If the award of the fiction prize to "The Grapes of Wrath" was a foregone conclusion, that of the prize for history was not forecast by popular opinion. Yet Ray Stannard Baker's "Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters," which has been in execution ever since the author was selected by Mrs. Wilson to write the life of her husband twenty years ago, is a work of impressive comprehensiveness and of importance for future historians. The eight volumes have varied in merit. Some have been highly praised for their honesty and discrimination and their loyalty without adulation. Others have been criticized for a congestion of documentary material which made them difficult to read. While not inspired biography the work is an indispensable basis for any later books on either Wilson or his works, for it incorporates documents to which Mr. Baker alone had access.

For once the Critics' Circle and the Pulitzer Committee were in agreement on their selection of a play. In William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" they have made their award to a fresh talent in the theatre, to an art that still arouses wide variance of opinion but which is, whatever else it may be, blithe, free, and original.

In choosing Mark Van Doren's "Collected Poems" for the poetry prize the committee has placed its stamp of approval on work which has increasingly won the attention of the discriminating. Mr. Van Doren, who is a teacher, critic, and novelist as well as a poet has proved himself a writer of sensitive perceptions and fine feeling, with a command of the forms of verse that is sure and skillful. The award that has been made to him will hearten those lovers of poetry who have been wont to feel at times that the spectacular or experimental in verse has had more appeal for the public than work of quieter sort.

No choice of the committee will meet with more general approval than that of Sandburg's Lincoln for the history prize. Disqualified in the competition for biography by a provision of that award which excludes biographies of Lincoln and Washington from consideration, its failure to receive some Pulitzer Prize recognition would have been a palpable miscarriage of literary justice. By shifting it to the field of history the committee has been able to crown a work which is generally acknowledged to be an outstanding literary, as well as historical, achievement of our day. It is a work which fits squarely into the category of history, for the backdrop to the figure so nobly drawn is as lovingly wrought and as fully developed as the life of Lincoln himself.

O Stranger

By Elizabeth K. Phelps Stokes

LIVE with us, you shall be free
Yet bound as we are bound
By all the shreds of being
To land that molded its dust
Into bone, incorporate
And forever
Home.

Share with us, refugee
Your needs rebound
In richer life
We have found,
Enough in ages past
Our welcome store
For those homeless, outcast,
God grant it be
Forevermore.

Help us, stranger, together to be
Stronger in liberty,
To work for, to honor inviolate
Opportunity, sanctuary, the freeborn
state,
No longer lonely roam
O stranger,
Together call this
Forever
Home.

ANISFIELD AWARD

THE annual $1,000 John Anisfield Prize for a book in the field of race relations, has been awarded this year to E. Franklin Frazier, of Howard University, for his work on "The Negro Family in the United States." The award, established in 1934 by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf, of Cleveland, Ohio, in honor of her father, is given annually under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* The award committee consists of Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, of the editorial board of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* Professor Donald Young, of the Social Science Research Council, and Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology, New York University, and former President of the Town Hall Club of New York.

Dr. Frazier's book, published by the University of Chicago Press, is a sound, careful survey of Negro family life from the early days of slavery to the present. Emphasis is placed upon the lack of uniform behavior among American Negroes. Dr. Frazier finds that they react as individuals and as classes to the varying economic and social conditions confronting them. He pays tribute to the success of the Negro in "adopting habits of living that have enabled him to survive in a civilization based on *Laissez-Faire* and competition."

Dr. Canby, in an introductory message read over the Mutual Broadcasting System, which broadcast the presentation of the award on Sunday, May 5, announced that the committee was looking for books on the Jewish problem in its American aspects.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Vicarious Thrill"

SIR:—On page 8, of *The Saturday Review* of March 30th, there is a full page article about Bertrand Russell which I read with interest.

The author of this masterpiece of illogical exposition signs himself H. S. C. and one doesn't need a clairvoyant to discover who H. S. C. is.

Personally, I do not care whether Bertrand Russell teaches in New York or not, but as a regular reader of *The Saturday Review,* I do care a lot about the soundness and worth of the weekly editorial.

Having always been an admirer of H. S. C. (noble forehead and all) it grieves me no little to see him floundering so feebly, as in the present instance.

Perhaps a course in logic and mathematics with Bertrand Russell would help H. S. C. to add up a good number of reasonable arguments.

For instance, the comparison of the Chinese art lecturer and the Arabian professor is the epitome of trivia. Oriental morals, whether connected with religion or otherwise, are never applicable to Occidental behaviorism. Besides, the aformentioned gentlemen do not advise us to emulate them or write glowingly of their private sexual dalliances.

H. S. C. should know as well as I think many people realize, that the young people in Bertrand Russell's classes will get a vicarious thrill out of being associated with a man who has so publicized himself by his very elastic views of moral life. A man whose written word aims directly against any moral guidance that may have been carefully and patiently instilled in the same students, by their parents, is not a desirable pedagogue.

LOUISE S. HALLOCK.

Bogota, N. J.

Stalin's Boyhood

SIR:—On page 11 of your edition of April 6th you published a review by Freda Utley of "Stalin: Czar of All the Russias" by Eugene Lyons. In the third paragraph, which touches on the biography of Stalin, Freda Utley mentions "his unhappy boyhood as the son of a drunken cobbler and a meek and pious mother, and as a member of the conquered and despised Georgian race; his youth as a student in a *Jesuit seminary* at Tiflis," etc.

In various books on present Russia and one biography of Stalin his attendance at a seminary at Tiflis is mentioned, but in no place, until Freda Utley's review, is it mentioned that it was a Jesuit seminary, and it is my opinion that it was not.

J. T. SCHLAFLY.

St. Louis, Mo.

"Gee, fellers, I was only kidding in that novel on Kentucky."

"Overhead Control" by Whom?

SIR:—Undoubtedly there is a politico-economic moral to be drawn from Norman Bel Geddes's "Magic Motorways." The implication—that it is inconsistent to build a system of sleek and efficient roadways while the social structure which it serves remains a jungle—is no doubt obvious.

And no doubt Mr. Tugwell could not resist the temptation to use a book review as a medium for propounding his own particular political theories. But one would question his sweeping assumption that "overhead control" would integrate our social structure into a beautiful and smooth-running whole.

Like so many economic zealots, Mr. Tugwell postulates with that smug and slightly superior air of one who knows just what will put the world right.

"Overhead control" would be a fine thing, and would make life easy and simple, if we could be sure that those to whom we turned over the control of our social-economic system were both benign and omniscient. But how could we be certain?

H. S. GRIFFITH.

Pasadena, Cal.

One for Mr. Davis

SIR:—Mr. Davis, I am sure, doesn't need any help in a controversy with Mr. Weld. But if he wants any ammunition, let him know that I'll be glad to supply a train-load. As one of the historians of the Donner Party, I am in a position to know that the background of "Don't You Cry for Me" is pretty bad.

GEORGE R. STEWART.

Berkeley, California.

Information, Please

SIR:—For some time I have been writing for publication a biography of General Francis Marion, popularly known "Swamp Fox" of Revolutionary South Carolina.

If any of your readers can lead me to diaries, letters, or papers, civic or military that bear upon Marion or his brigade I would be most grateful for aid. Any material submitted to me will be carefully handled, photostated, and immediately returned, I assure you.

GEORGE F. SCHEER, JR.

Richmond, Virginia.

SIR:—I am engaged in writing a book-length biography of John Bach McMaster, author of the well-known "History of the People of the United States." I should appreciate hearing from anyone who has material, manuscript or otherwise, relating to this man. Of course, all material sent me will be carefully treated and returned.

ERIC F. GOLDMAN.

The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Maryland.

SIR:—I am making a collection of the letters of Henry Raymond Mussey. I would appreciate it if you or any of your readers having letters or anything written by him would send them to me c/o the Wellesley College Library, Wellesley, Mass. All originals will be copied and returned if requested.

VIRGINIA MUSSEY.

Wellesley, Mass.

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Mural by Tom Lea, from "Art in Federal Buildings"

Mormonism's First Family

ONE WHO WAS VALIANT. By Clarissa Young Spencer and Mabel Harmer. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers. 1940. 279 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by VARDIS FISHER

THERE are several things besides the title of this book which do not commend it to the skeptical reader. It is the reminiscences of Clarissa Young Spencer, an eighty-year-old daughter (recently deceased) of Brigham Young; and on the second page is an alarming statement. "No child," says Mrs. Spencer, "ever loved, revered, and cherished a father more than I did mine." If the reader were to turn curiously to the chapter on Brigham's wives, the declaration that the Young home was "as peaceful and serene as any home could be" would probably impel him to lay the book aside. The introduction was written by a very pious gentleman who stands high in Church officialdom.

But those are only superficial and unimportant aspects of this book. Either Mrs. Spencer, or Mabel Harmer who edited these memories, has a charming sense of humor. Before the reader has gone far he becomes aware of a curious thing. Among these delightful recollections of an intelligent and civilized old lady are scattered terrible pieties as if Mrs. Spencer pulled herself together now and then to say what the Church would wish her to say. After a piety is dutifully recorded she is off to her gently mischievous and unorthodox memories.

The result is for me the best book on Mormonism ever written by a Mormon. We get excellent portraits of Brigham in his old age and of Mrs. Spencer as a girl, not to speak of such devastating sketches as that of Eliza Snow, the Mormon poetess. We get also a wealth of homely and convincing incidents, including such matters as Brigham's taste in foods, his two pigeons for breakfast, his Julia Dean sleigh, the squaw who wanted to examine the false teeth of Mrs. Spencer's mother, the famous visitors who came to see Brigham, and the best description of the Beehive House that has ever got into print. On some subjects—the Utah War, Indians, communications—Mrs. Spencer has told little that has not been recorded before; but in everything that intimately touches Brigham and his homes and family she has left a valuable record.

Clarissa Spencer, a daughter by one of Brigham's most intelligent and hard-working wives (". . . she thought nothing of making fifty mince pies at one baking") was born in 1860 and was only seventeen when her father died. Her memories, therefore, look back to adolescence. But the canonization of Brigham by the Church did not obscure that time in the Salt Lake Theater when she gazed with sly envy at harlots because they wore rouge, or the girlish subterfuges with which she outwitted the stern empire-builder. There was the time, for instance, when she submitted to Brigham a list of things she wanted to buy. "Father glanced at it and then smiling at me quizzically said, 'Well, daughter, if corn plasters is at the top, I guess the rest of it must be all right.' Thereafter I put everything I could think of on my list before I brought it to him."

That's the spirit of an old lady's reminiscences of which Mabel Harmer has made a very readable book.

Vardis Fisher is the author of "Odyssey of a Hero," "The Neurotic Nightingale," "We Are Betrayed," and "Children of God," a novel of the Mormons which was the 1939 winner of the Harpers' prize contest. He is the former director of the Federal Writers' Guide to Idaho.

Transition to Hate

CONVERT TO FREEDOM. By Eitel Wolf Dobert. Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 337 *pp.* $3

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THIS book, a former Storm Trooper's account of his career from his service as a Royal Prussian cadet to leadership of a Hitler storm troop, had to be written sometime. After reading it one may well venture that no later book along the same lines will be more worthwhile. Dobert attempts to answer the question that has been asked all over the world: How can young people brought up in the tradition of Goethe's and Schiller's idealism listen to the hate-filled slogans of a Hitler? True, Dobert speaks only for those youngsters who were permeated with the Hohenzollern tradition, who drank in discipline, self-sacrifice, subordination to the military caste, and ardent nationalism with their mother's milk. The transition from that attitude through the poverty of post-war inflation and internal revolutionary struggles forward to the escape into the ranks of Hitler is an easy one.

Dobert became an enthusiastic supporter of Hitler. But his desire to serve his fatherland better by studying languages, and his consequent decision to live in foreign countries such as France and Switzerland freed him involuntarily from the dark illusion. He learned to know his "enemies," he learned to love them, and his philosophy broadened into a supra-national concept of freedom such as had never entered his consciousness in his own environment. And so, loving the German people no less than before, he freed himself from the party hymns of hate and became the champion of a better cause.

Dobert writes sincerely, convincingly, and impressively. When he describes various people he has met he gives you the living, breathing personality in a few short, kindly words. The atmosphere of the famous Potsdam School, his parents' home, a Swiss farmer family, Frenchmen in Paris, or officers in the German army, come no less alive. And so his autobiography becomes a panorama of genuine significance to anyone who wants to understand what turned eighty million people toward tremendous military development and cultural decadence. The only person he has left out is the working man. Hence this otherwise magnificent book cannot be regarded as the whole answer. Yet it should have a place in every library as a deeply moving spiritual account.

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The American Indian: 1940

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW. By Oliver La Farge. With photographs by Helen M. Post. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1940. 140 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE and ERSKINE CALDWELL

THE proper title for this book would be "The Upshot of Oliver La Farge's Animadversion of the Department of the Interior, With Photographs." It is a tract with a purpose and a statement with a vengeance. The author has made no pretense of writing a guide book of Indian craft and lore.

The history of the Indian in America can only be told in terms of political debauchery and governmental inertia. Unfortunately, limitations of space prevented Mr. La Farge from giving us the so far untold story of the white man's crime against the Indian. Instead, he has chosen to write about the present-day status of the Indian under the administration of the Department of the Interior's Office of Indian Affairs. In order to understand the significance of the downfall and defeat of Indian culture in the United States, however, the reader should acquaint himself with the acts of political carpetbagging that to a large degree brought it about. As everyone must know, American Indians have been forced over a long period of time to submit to economic robbery and racial extinction. Official Washington's treatment of this minority is a shameful record that has few counterparts in history. It is impossible to understand how a nation that once waged a civil war over the question of freeing Negroes from slavery could shut its eyes to the cultural and physical suffering of a people that has as much right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as any of us.

Mr. La Farge is well acquainted with this subject, and he is perhaps the one person best qualified to give us some day soon the complete history of Washington's policy of arrogance and inhumanity. Until such a study is produced, the present book is a constant reminder of its need.

"As Long as the Grass Shall Grow" begins by sketching briefly the history of the early treaties which were signed in good faith by the Indians and which were gradually rendered void by cattle-stealers and land-grabbers in the law courts. The remainder of the book is devoted to a study of Indian life today as ordered by administrative offices in the Department of the Interior. Indian lands have constantly been reduced in size during the past hundred years and now there is insufficient grazing range to support the sheep, cattle, and horses necessary for the self-support of the Indian population. The economic consequence of this government policy can be observed by anyone traveling through New Mexico and Arizona. In Oklahoma, on the other hand, the deplorable social condition of Indians, which is directly traceable to a government policy of indifference, is as acute as any that can be found on the Western hemisphere in this day and age. It is time that Washington comes to realize that such economic and social conditions as these have no excuse for existence in the United States.

Mr. La Farge's text consumes half the space of the volume. The other half is devoted to the photographs of Helen Post, a young photographer whose work has been relatively unknown until the publication of this book. Miss Post attains professional position with ease. The reader need turn only as far as page three to recognize that here is a photographer with a viewpoint of her own. The picture of the three Indians showing only the backs of heads, with a furled American flag worked unobtrusively into the composition, is both expressive and beautiful.

While Miss Post's work at this period in her photographic development is not uniformly good, her best pictures are those of pictorial scenes, and these clearly demonstrate her ability to grasp the handling of light and shadow. As her work progresses she will undoubtedly widen her range to include a more precise selection of detail and character.

However, the small boy in the football helmet, the Indian butchering a steer, the workmen on a penstock, with the distant river cutting a diagonal swathe through the upper part of the canvas, are all pictures showing that inner feeling for the subject which is the first requisite of good photography. Views showing herds of cattle, threshing of wheat, the flexing knees and stamping feet of Indians by campfires, are eloquent with motion.

One feels certain gaps in the pictorial record. The reader would like to see those tiers of pueblos clinging fantastically to the tops and sides of mesas in the Southwest desert. One would like to see more of the inside of dwellings. A more complete feeling of the way Indians live would be gained if more than a single interior had been shown.

Indians are traditionally picturesque, and feathered headdresses are handsome material for photographs, but fortunately all the best pictures in the book are not those depending on these decorative accessories. It will be interesting to see what Miss Post does when she leads her camera away from Indians and into other worlds.

After such a successful collaboration of writer and photographer it is regrettable that the captions are less so. In books of this nature it is not enough to leave words to their own devices. Captions, whether one word or a hundred, are the consummation of a text-and-picture collaboration.

Oliver La Farge and Helen Post select the illustrative material for their book.
Photo by Trude Fleischmann

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The Obviously Abnormal Mr. Shaw

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW. By Maurice Colbourne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1940. 273 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

CERTAINLY not real. Mr. Colbourne insists at his book's opening that his purpose is to produce, in less words than his great exemplar and subject uses, Shaw's Shaw: and whoever's Shaw is real —Chesterton's, or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or William Archer's, or Max Beerbohm's (to whom Mr. Colbourne oddly never refers), Shaw's G.B.S. is not real. Nor does Mr. Colbourne try to make his portrait free from contradictions. On page 3 he tells us, "Bernard Shaw is always growing"; on pages 117 and 118 he writes, "How could Shaw possibly change, being the mystic he is? If he could, he would cease to be a mystic." (Blake? Wordsworth? I suggest that Mr. Colbourne study their developments), and

> G. K. Chesterton once said that he could lie awake at night and hear H. G. Wells growing. No one could ever say this of Bernard Shaw, who stands serenely pat and pugnacious where he has always stood, at the threshold of a tent, eager to explain his vision to all who care to step inside.

Eloquent, well-arranged and often acute (as in his analysis of Shaw's economics) as Mr. Colbourne is, his book is doomed at the start because he holds hard to the conviction that Shaw "is not a dramatist first and foremost, but a preacher and a teacher. . . . It is indeed almost true to say that Shaw is a dramatist only by accident." Nothing could be further from the truth than that: it is indeed amazing that Mr. Colbourne, holding such an opinion, should have contrived to produce so intelligent a study.

George Bernard Shaw is a born artist and dramatist whose devotion to his destined work has been continually diverted, first through personal contacts, secondly by the time in which he was born. When he came to London in 1876 he came to a city where all the more capable men and women of his age or a little older were revolutionaries. He drifted rather than was attracted into the little hot-house groups where Bradlaugh, Annie Besant, and James Hinton were prophets; from there, following Annie Besant, he came into touch with the early socialists who founded the Fabian Society, and was as much influenced by Beatrice Webb and her husband as he had been by

Drawing by A. D'Amato

George Bernard Shaw becomes frightened at heresies and revolutions.

Annie Besant. Yet at this time he knew, though he hated to admit it because of an ingrowing Puritanism which maimed his integrity, he was an artist. He wrote novels—the earliest "Immaturity," belongs to 1879—he wrote about music, about the theatre, and he began to write plays.

Bernard Shaw has boasted that his eyesight is normal. That may be true; but there is nothing else normal about his physical or emotional make-up. He has always been afraid of intimacy—physical, emotional, or spiritual. His refusal to meet Ellen Terry in the years of the love letters was, I suppose, the most desperate *gran rifuto* since that made by the Pope damned by Dante. He was afraid that the actress would seduce him into a human intimacy which would result in a spiritual conversion. In his first novel, written when he was twenty-one years old, the hero, an obvious self-portrait, complains at one moment that he becomes uncomfortably cramped when he is kneeling to his love, at another, when he embraces her, that the buttons on her bodice distress him as she presses him to her bosom. A young man who could be so hyper-sensitively aware of physical discomfort is obviously abnormal. In spite of some hints given by Shaw himself to that deplorable old blackguard Frank Harris, no one writing about Shaw has paid sufficient attention to the part played in his life by women, by Annie Besant, by Beatrice Webb, by Ellen Terry, by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and, to his inestimable advantage, by the heroic lady, Charlotte Payne-Townsend who is Mrs. Bernard Shaw.

An actor first: then a dramatist: then a journalist: then a preacher. The parts overlap, of course; but that, if we bracket actor and dramatist, is the order of them; and Mr. Colbourne makes a fatal error in putting the preacher first. There is nothing original in Shaw's preaching—Bunyan, Samuel Butler, Karl Marx, the Webbs, all he has to say can be found in their writings. And pretty dreary stuff most of it is: for it is, in effect, the dregs of Puritanism, of religion without God. How thin, how cheap is all the severity, the intolerance of that group if we compare it, say, with the severe but gracious sanity of Sir Thomas More! In one passage Mr. Colbourne writes that "Shaw possesses the high moral purpose that marks the true Puritan." You do find that in Shaw the playwright, at times: it is in "Candida," in "John Bull's Other Island," even in "Back to Methuselah" and "Heartbreak House"; but it is never found in his preachments. What you find there is the sour Puritanism which exhibits high moral purpose by insisting that others should respect your standards, even when their conscience is affronted; which demands, at last, in the shrill accents of terrified tyrants the world over, that those who disagree must be "liquidated."

At his best, as a dramatist, Shaw has written imperishable things in defence of freedom and of the human spirit; but, since he belongs to a generation which had rejected all sanctions for freedom, he becomes frightened at heresies and revolutions, and stands "pat and pugnacious" beside his formidable exemplar The Red Queen, exclaiming in futile disillusionment "Off with their heads!"

And it is really heads that we need.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 319)

E. WHARTON

ARTEMIS TO ACTAEON

For immortality is not to range
Unlimited through vast Olympian days,
Or sit in dull dominion over time;
But this—to drink fate's utmost at a draught,
. . . . . .
To snatch the crown of life and seal it up
Secure forever in the vaults of death.

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Mural study by Stephen J. Belaski ("Art in Federal Buildings")
Ethan Allen assembles his Green Mountain Boys.

Father of Vermont's Rugged Tradition

ETHAN ALLEN. By Stewart H. Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 283 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

ONE of the most ably picturesque of our frontier heroes here at last has his ability and picturesqueness done full justice. Since John Pell's full biography of Ethan Allen, little in the way of detail can be added to the portrait; but vividness can be given to the principal lineaments, and the background can be painted in with glowing color. That is what Mr. Holbrook has done. Washington said of Allen: "There is an original something about him that commands attention." With the affection of a native Vermonter for his subject, the author of "Iron Brew" shows precisely what it was. A robust, violent, profane, hard-drinking man, Allen had a rough humor, an unquenchable self-assertiveness, and above all, a shrewd resourcefulness that met every crisis. Whether he was facing the tyrannous British, the greedy New Yorkers, or the intriguing New Hampshire men, he was boisterously confident of his strong right arm and stronger mind. He was a natural leader for the hardy Green Mountain lads.

Nobody has expressed better than Ethan Allen the fierce attachment of the typical frontiersman to local self-government. He lives in our schoolbooks as a patriot summoning Ticonderoga to surrender in the name of the great Jehovah. It is a false image. Allen's idea of patriotism was not continental, but limited to the mountain belt between Brattleboro and Champlain; his ideas of Jehovah led every minister to denounce him as an infidel. He makes his first appearance in Mr. Holbrook's book in the congenial haunts of the Catamount Tavern in Bennington, drinking that combination of hard rum and harder cider called stonewalls, and planning to lead his hellions into a fight. He makes his last appearance dismissing a parson who told him on his deathbed that the angels were waiting: "Waiting, are they? Well, God damn 'em, let 'em wait." In between is a plentiful amount of fighting, plotting, cursing, and proclamation-writing in behalf of his beloved Vermont. There are also two and a half years as a British prisoner; years that gave us the most downright, hardhitting prison-narrative of the Revolution. In his rough, tough way, taking terrible chances, Allen won almost every fight he entered. He had only a handful of men at his back. Yet he outgeneralled the British, the New Yorkers, and the Yankees east of him. More than any other man, he kept Vermont a rugged and independent little republic, which entered the Union with her own star on the flag.

It is a stirring story, this of Allen; and Mr. Holbrook, without trying to make it exhaustive, brings out its most dramatic values. His hero needs no defence. Some have called him traitor for his intriguing, but he simply played off the British against enemies nearer home. Some have said that he was fighting for his own land-titles as well as Vermont, and that is no doubt true. But what of it?—Washington and Jefferson were land speculators too. This briskly-told narrative catches the spirit of the times, of the region, and above all of the man—a man too remarkable to be left in the stiff steel-engraving presentment of the textbooks. Here he lives, breathes, curses, and fights, a convincing personage.

THE PULITZER AWARDS

(*Continued from page* 5)

back to California. His first published book, "Cup of Gold," was written while he was acting as watchman at Lake Tahoe one winter; two more followed before he won general recognition with "Tortilla Flat." Since the publication of that novel his reputation has grown apace. "In Dubious Battle" won him the plaudits of a critical public, and "Of Mice and Men" wide popularity with a general one. "The Grapes of Wrath," on which the Pulitzer award has been bestowed, has, of course, been the outstanding success of the year.

The History Award

PUBLIC OPINION, or at least that great part of it which was unaware of the provision in the Pulitzer Prize for biography which precluded a life of Lincoln or Washington as too obvious a subject, expected to see the award given to "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," by Carl Sandburg. Instead, the committee bestowed upon it the history prize. The four volumes of this work, which in association with the earlier volumes, "The Prairie Years," constitute our most lively, panoramic, and comprehensive life of Lincoln, came after the author's reputation as a poet had been established. Carl Sandburg was, as it were, conditioned to Lincoln from childhood, for he was born in Galesburg, Ill., on January 6, 1878, and as a youth he drank in at first hand accounts of the great President. At thirteen he was working on a milk wagon and thereafter was successively porter in a barber shop, truck handler, apprentice in a pottery, dishwasher, and harvest hand. He saw service in the Spanish War and after it worked his way through Lombard College. He was for many years on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News,* that proving ground of literary talent, and while on the paper began the writing which found fruit through the years in such distinguished volumes of verse as "Chicago Poems," "Smoke and Steel," etc., and in his stories for children.

The Biography Award

READERS who are old enough to remember when there were no world wars and social reform was the issue of the day will recall Ray Stannard Baker as one of that vigorous group which included, among others, William Allen White, Ida Tarbell, and John Phillips, who were making of the *American Magazine* a crusading organ which stirred the conscience of the country. They will recall also the

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charming essayist whose "Adventures in Contentment" won so wide a following and whose author was none other than Mr. Baker writing under the successfully-maintained pseudonym of David Grayson. Born in Lansing, Mich., on April 17, 1870, Baker moved as a child to northern Wisconsin where he attended a backwoods school and formed that intimate acquaintance with nature which was afterwards so engagingly reflected in his essays. He took a scientific course at Michigan State College and later studied law and literature at the University of Michigan. Upon graduation he became a reporter on the *Chicago Record* and it was in the course of his work there that he gathered the material which went into the stories and articles which he began to write for the *Youth's Companion* and later for *McClure's Magazine*. After serving for a time as Associate Editor of that publication, in 1906 he joined in the purchase of the *American Magazine* and for nine years remained one of its editors. In 1910 began the acquaintance with Woodrow Wilson which resulted in his selection by the President as the editor of his papers.

The Drama Award

WILLIAM SAROYAN, who a few years ago made a spectacular entrance into the field of literature with his story, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," followed it up in short order with success in the theatre. His "My Heart's in the Highland" won both plaudits and abuse when it appeared on Broadway but the tide of praise ran strong among the critics. "The Time of Your Life," which has now won the Pulitzer award for drama, was received with enthusiasm by the public as well as by experts in the drama. Saroyan was born of Armenian parents in Fresno, California, in 1908. At the age of eight he began selling newspapers and thenceforth worked at night at different jobs, attending school by day. By 1930 he had begun to concentrate on writing and with the success of "The Daring Young Man" in 1934 devoted himself altogether to literature. He has brought out several collections of short stories, and his plays are now being produced as rapidly as he can turn them out.

The Poetry Award

SOMEWHERE in the course of his autobiography "Three Worlds," Carl Van Doren refers to his brother Mark as the most talented of a family in which ability was evidently general. For several years now critics of poetry have been watching his work with growing appreciation and many will rejoice in the award for his "Collected Poems." He was born near the village of Hope, Ill., on June 13, 1894. Six years late the Van Dorens moved to Urbana. Mark graduated from the University of Illinois and went from there to Columbia University for postgraduate work, but his studies were interrupted by the war. On his return, he resumed work at Columbia, receiving a Ph.D. degree in 1920. Immediately thereafter he was appointed to the English department. He is now Associate Professor of English. From 1924 to 1928 he was literary editor of the *Nation*. He has written criticism, poetry, and fiction.

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7. Pamela Andrews, in "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson.
8. Peggoty, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
9. Bunter, in the detective stories by Dorothy Sayers.
10. Mrs. Brady, in "Night Club," by Katharine Brush.

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POSTSCRIPTS ON SPAIN

(*Continued from page 6*)

gret in others. This Mrs. Johnstone was the owner of the hotel stuck up on a blistering slope of the mountain across the village from my place. We didn't like her intrusion; (she may as well know it) she was a big, authoritative, muscular lady who looked as if she made a profession of setting things to rights, and she was going to bring a squalid lot of beer-drinking journalists out of Fleet Street into our village to fill her unwanted hotel. To hell with La Honstoney, as the village called her. But she did a fine job in that village in war time, and that makes her a better citizen than most Tossencs. So she's all right, La Honstoney, and perhaps we were just snobs after all.

You can read about Tossa, which once was in Paradise I say, and now is just situated on a headland north of purgatory, or Barcelona, in "Hotel in Flight." It is good, speedy reportage with a hundred quirks and no great political knowledge. Its too vivacious chatter is often very spiteful. It is impossible to believe that any man could be as poisonous as her Max, the German communist boss who plagued her and most of my friends as well. She talks patronizingly about gentle people like the Marks, German exiles who kept the best bar (for good conversation and smuggled Benedictine) this side of heaven. And the Marks, Honstoney, had a load of culture that would have dragged your hotel off its slope, and they were hunted by Hitler and then by Max. So, God shield me, I'll drink at their bar again someday, when Spain struggles free.

But with all its excessive British heartiness this book is a good record of a village in the rearguard of the first great resistance to fascism. There's no fake propaganda and there's a lot of downright sense in it. What Popular Front concessions to middle-class tradesmen cost the poorer people in the way of soaring prices you may read here. How the fascists machine-gunned a horde of fleeing civilians outside of Barcelona you may also read. For Mrs. Johnstone saw it. She did a good job with the refugee children in Tossa and without false modesty or self-praise she describes that job. See you passing down a street in Paradise someday, Honstoney.

Ralph Bates is an Englishman who fought for the Loyalists in Spain. His novels, "The Olive Trees" and "Lean Men" were vivid descriptions of the life and people of that land.

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LAND OF LITERARY PLENTY

(*Continued from page 4*)

social crusade led by the communists.

Whereas the humanists held the stage for only two years, the radicals held it for at least eight, and if it had not been for the activities of Joseph Stalin, the Russian Bear in red pants, who crossed sickle and swastika with Hitler, and invaded Finland in order to save Russia from annihilation, the communists might still hold it. Undoubtedly Stalin saved Russia, but he lost the world. The result was an international weakening of the proletarian literary front; in America it practically amounted to its annihilation because the majority of its best writers deserted it, among whom were John Dos Passos, Maurice Hindus, Vincent Sheean, Louis Fisher, Ralph Bates, Robert Cantwell, Granville Hicks, Joseph Freeman, Frances Winwar, Babette Deutsch, and a score of lesser known *proliterati.* In addition, there were fellow-travelers of a more intelligent, but more innocent variety, who became disillusioned and refused to allow themselves to be used as cogs in the proletarian literary machine, namely, Van Wyck Brooks and Waldo Frank. Even Malcolm Cowley, who was one of the last of the proletarian Mohicans, has stumbled and stuttered, and been forced to confess that not even the hammer and the sickle can save Moscow or New York from the communist literary gangsters.

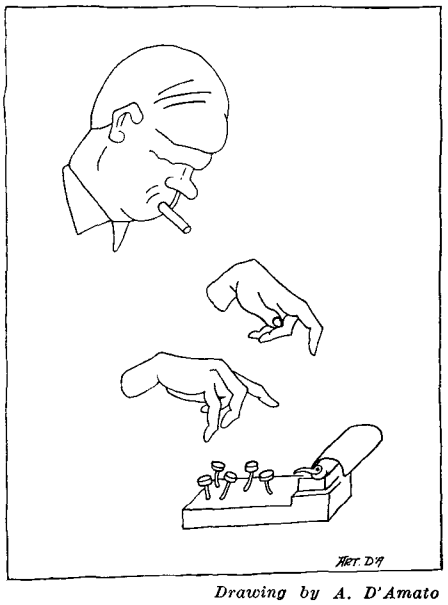
The proletarian literary movement was concerned with social reform; the humanists were concerned with individual reform. The proletarians were allegedly and avowedly revolutionary; their attitude toward man, toward labor, toward literature, was putatively revolutionary; the humanists were reactionary—their attitude toward man, labor, and literature was unequivocally reactionary.

The inspiration of the proletarian literary movement sprang from Russia, where it was conceived, nurtured, and pampered. To write a proletarian novel one had first to look at Russia, the new Holy Russia, then at America, but never allow one's American outlook to interfere with or contradict the true Russian perspective. Russia was the absolute; everything truly proletarian derived from it and what did not derive from it was not proletarian.

American proletarian literature, in consequence, was seldom proletarian. It was largely Russian with only the English language to identify it as something different. Its writers aimed to imitate the Russian, not their own literary forbears. Moscow became a new Mecca and young men with literary aspirations made their pilgrimage to it with constant devotion.

In short, communism became the fashion, and, as one publisher well put it, proletarian literature became "a racket." Critics turned to it as well as novelists, philosophers as well as sociologists, and the list of those who became part of the parade of proselytes would constitute a long record, indeed. Among the better known were Edmund Wilson, Granville Hicks, Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, T. K. Whipple, Burgum, McGill, Rolfe Humphries, Robert Forsythe, Robert Briffault. The proletarian writers were dedicated to the proposition of curing society of its evils by means of social reform and revolution; they had no sympathy for the *humanist* interest in individual reform and revolution. Their novels were conceived and executed with that ideal in mind—and they showed it.

Among those influenced by the crusading character of the period, and the years immediately preceding, was Sinclair Lewis, who was determined to write a labor novel, which was to be his contribution to the cause; luckily, he never managed to get it started and we were saved from having to read and review it. He made up for it, however, with his "It Can't Happen Here," which, despite its defects, was certainly superior to anything he might have attempted among the Galahads of labor. Sherwood Anderson, one of the greatest short-story tellers this country ever produced, was not so fortunate. Alack, he not only finished, but actually published his contribution to the cause in the form of that worst of all possible novels, "Beyond Desire." Then came Waldo Frank, a genius at his best, but certainly not when he tries to write to formula, who gave the revolution a bedroomy atmosphere in his "Death and Birth of David Markand." Dreiser went to Russia, joined communist committees, but, happily, never finished any proletarian novels per prescription.



Drawing by A. D'Amato

Sinclair Lewis was determined to write a novel on labor. . . .

IT is to Upton Sinclair, however, and a few of his predecessors, that we must look for the beginnings of proletarian literature in this country. Edward Bellamy's novel, "Looking Backward," can be said to be the first proletarian fiction produced on these shores; after Bellamy came Jack London with his "Iron Heel" and other works; then came Upton Sinclair with his "Jungle" and a score of other novels that followed; next were Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, and Michael Gold; then came the thirties and the whole movement was in full swing. John Dos Passos put it very well when he wrote:

> Theodore Dreiser is, and has been for many years, a great American proletarian writer. He has the world picture, the limitations, and the soundness of the average American worker, and expresses them darn well. Sherwood Anderson does, too. So did Jack London. We have had a proletarian literature for years, and are about the only country that has. It hasn't been a revolutionary literature, exactly, though it seems to me Walt Whitman's a hell of a lot more revolutionary than any Russian poet I've ever heard of.

It was the depression which converted interest in proletarian literature from an isolated tendency into an organized movement. Within a few years it became a bandwagon affair. It became fashionable to believe in the proletariat, just as a little before it had been fashionable to believe in Dadaism, or D. H. Lawrence, or Paul Valéry. Proletarianism became a new faith, Russia a new Mecca. Life began at the Kremlin and radiated outwards. But the depression became less acute, Stalin became less of a proletarian, and by the end of the thirties the proletarian movement, as an official, integrated force, petered out. Former proletarian novelists deserted the proletarian cause, former proletarian critics resigned from the Communist Party, disintegration spread all along the proletarian front, and it seemed that the light had gone out of the movement.

But proletarian literature is neither a party nor a national creation. It is

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a product of international change, of economic and social advance, and culturally represents an international extension of literary democracy. It means that every man and woman, no matter how poor or how humble, no matter how literate or illiterate, is as inspiring a subject for novel, drama, or poem as the illustrious and the successful. Note the type of characters dominant in American literature today: the gangsters, hoodlums, and simple soldiers popularized by Hemingway, the shanty Irish dramatized by Farrell, the morons, idiots, and imbeciles conjured up by Faulkner, the scabrous white trash caricatured by Caldwell, the earth-hungry *okies* delineated by Steinbeck, the uneducated, courageous, but terror-ridden Negroes portrayed by Wright. All these are part of proletarian literature as distinguished from aristocratic and bourgeois. They are not characters created according to pattern; they are not puppets manufactured to win the approval of a proletarian emperor; they are natural creations, real as flesh, vital as blood.

ONLY the artificial, Moscow-imposed proletarian literature, aided by the Communist Party in the thirties, is dead. Genuine proletarian literature has only begun to acquire form and significance in America in the work of Steinbeck and Wright. Steinbeck's early proletarian novel, "In Dubious Battle," suffered from many of the same weaknesses that vitiated the work of most of the proletarian novelists of the thirties. Its characters did not live in their own right; they were stereotypes, each one a different voice for the author to hear himself thrash out his own difficulties and dubieties. "The Grapes of Wrath" rose above that subjectivity. Its significance rests in good part on the fact that its characters are objective creations; they voice themselves instead of the author; they live as individuals and not as abstractions. They are simple agrarians and they are unashamed of it; more, they have the courage and hope that go with the downtrodden in a land in which everyone believes in his right not to be downtrodden. That is the message of Steinbeck's novel, and it is a proletarian message, a message which is not only American, but international.

One of the most interesting novels dealing with the proletariat in this country was Ernest Poole's "The Harbor;" its portrayal of the role of the strikers was extremely sympathetic, but what it lacked was that note of triumphant optimism which one finds in Steinbeck's Ma, who, riding on to an unknown future, still has the guts to declare that "us people will go on livin' when all them people is gone. Why, Tom, we're the people that live. They ain't gonna wipe us out. We're the people; we go on. Rich fellas come up and they die an' their kids ain't no good, an' they die out. But, Tom, we keep a-comin'. Don't you fret none, Tom. A different time's comin'." Steinbeck's characters, with their carking poverty, misery, and frustration, are a challenge to our civilization.

No less of a challenge is Richard Wright whose Negro fiction should awaken the white man from his intellectual and spiritual lethargy. Wright, better than any other Negro writer, in fact, better than any other writer, white, black, or brown, has given voice, has emphasized, has italicized the plight of the Negro in this country. In "Uncle Tom's Children," as well as in "Native Son" he has told the story of Negroes who became "bad niggers," as the South likes to describe them, because they were faced with situations which, as blacks, they could not solve short of murder. In other stories murder was not involved, but the implications were similar. Wright, who is a proletarian writer plus—a believer in the proletariat that is black as well as white—demands rather than pleads with the whites to understand the Negro situation before it is too late and the Negroes lose their patience and race riots once more become the order of the day.

In "Native Son," Wright undertook a most difficult task. He tried what few novelists have the courage ever to attempt, namely, to make a central character of a person who was not only a murderer, but one who murdered ruthlessly and uncondonably. Not even Dostoievsky could have created a more repulsive character, and yet Wright made of him such a vivid, understandable personality that his book, to the amazement of his publisher, became a best seller overnight. What Wright showed in his novel were not only the operations of the mind of a Negro who had the lust to kill in him, but also the mental operations of the white world outside, which made the Negro have that lust, and made him look upon the white world as something unrelentingly alien and hostile.

Wright's message is the same as Steinbeck's. Steinbeck deals with the white world, Wright with the black. Their indictment, however, is the same. Their characters are the same. They are all underdogs. If Steinbeck doesn't deal with criminals, it is not because he doesn't know their origin. What they both contend is that if we don't cure the evils of our civilization, what we shall have is a civilization of criminals. To help save civilization from that débacle proletarian literature, in the sense described in this article, is a vital force—but not a panacea. Proletarian literature, written by people who believe that literature belongs to the masses instead of the classes, can still constitute, if freed from party dictate, the most important and the most challenging literature of our time.

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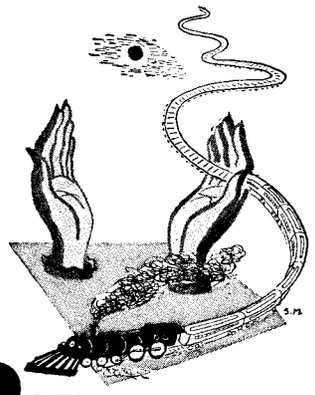

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A Whirlwind with Sunbeams

COLERIDGE THE TALKER: A Series of Contemporary Descriptions and Comments. By Richard W. Armour and Raymond F. Howes. Ithaca: Cornell University Press. 1940. 480 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE

THIS is an admirable volume, combining extensive research and luminous editorial method with good writing and firm critical judgment. So well have the authors managed to sink the idiosyncrasies of their style, that it is hard to believe, it began as two independent investigations.

Every one who has read any of the books about Coleridge knows of old Carlyle's malicious description of the sage sitting on the brow of Highgate Hill singing and snuffling about "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject." (Is it not time to point out that Carlyle's phonetics are exactly reversed? A man who cannot breathe through his nose — Coleridge had adenoids — can say "object" with perfect distinctness. It is precisely "om-m-mject" that he cannot say.) Reports of Coleridge's manner of speaking can be found in De Quincey, Emerson, and Hazlitt, and others could be collected. But this book brings together no fewer than seventy-six independent testimonies to the preëminence of Coleridge's discourse, most of them of surprising literary distinction. The editors preface these by an essay, which seeks to show that, save for the divine accident of three poems, Coleridge was first, last, and always a talker; that he would have been a talker, opium or no opium; that as a talker he made a greater impression on his age (and on ours) than he ever could have by printed books.

I fancy that one who has time only to sample Coleridge could get a more correct impression of his artistic achievement and historical importance by following up the handful of great poems, with this book and a selection from the "Table Talk," than by risking his teeth on the "Friend" or the "Biographia Literaria." No other work will go so far to correct the general notion that the elderly Coleridge was not respected. It shows beyond doubt that Coleridge had a larger and more enthusiastic personal following than Johnson.

The comparison, or contrast, with Johnson is obvious, and was frequently made—not, disappointingly enough, by any one who had heard both. Hearer after hearer laments that he is not a Boswell, to have bottled up the golden stream. But if Boswell had lived to talk with Coleridge (and in 1815 he would have been only seventy-five), it is certain that even he could not have produced a rival to his "Life of Johnson." He could not have recorded Coleridge in Coleridge's most characteristic vein because he could not have understood him. Nobody understood him. As Tom Hood said, you felt as though you "had been carried, spiralling, up to heaven by a whirlwind intertwisted with sunbeams, giddy and dazzled," but when you found yourself on the earth again recovering from the spell of the three-hour monologue, you could not recollect a word of what had been said. It is, I fear, highly probable that Coleridge did not understand himself, and that there was often less in his talk than met the ear.

The Criminal Record

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS *Anthony Boucher* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Cal. sunshine and cinema lunacy encourage visiting Doyle devotees to investigate deep laid murder plot and mystery of vanishing corp.	Spectacular synthesis of Sherlockian saga over case that Master would have solved in two shakes of Dr. Watson's bull-pup's tail.	Watson, *two* needles!
AND SO TO MURDER *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Death in various frightful forms pursues guileless English girl writer all over film-lot, until Sir H. Merivale says, "Stop!"	Customarily excellent Dicksonian opus—not too serious in this instance—with plenty of thrills and a solution you'd never guess.	Grade A
WHILE SHE SLEEPS *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	English miss, all unawares, marked for death in London, Switzerland, and Parisian underworld. She escapes into matrimony.	Idea *ought* to work out in such capable hands but for some reason it just doesn't.	Thin
THE LADY WEPT ALONE *Carolyn Byrd Dawson* (Crime Club: $2.)	Badly-tangled family murder (Southern?) unraveled by Sheriff Tim Hammond and Miss Matilda Brockett after several casualties.	Neither better nor worse than others of the Rinehart-school of mystery—except that this has more humor than most.	Good

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

SAINTS AND SINNERS. By Charles J. Dutton. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 303 *pp.* $3.

Beginning with a boyhood as a "child of the Manse" in a New England town where his father, who died while this book was being written, was the liberal influence, Charles Dutton has given us a delightful, rambling account of his early years. Stories of pumping the church organ, of a surrepetitious reading of Nick Carter, Old King Brady, and Frank Merriwell stories, visits to the Portsmouth Navy Yard at the time of the Spanish-American War, a visit with Mark Twain, playing on the as-yet unrestored *Constitution,* are written with the nostalgic flavor of one now a member of the Pennsylvania Board of Parole.

What follows in the early years of maturity, and the twenty years Mr. Dutton spent as a minister in a "liberal church," the Universalist, is the record of one who came into his ministry with the mixed blessing of a fine law school training, a poor theological school background, a desire to preach and practise the kindlier virtues of tolerance and good-will, and hardly any other equipment save his common-sense and a "fine voice." As one who became the friend of Clarence Darrow, Bertrand Russell, and a variety of saints and sinners, he illuminates his story with many an anecdote.

One detects quite early the feeling of a growing disillusionment with "saints" who were far from such, and an understanding of "sinners" not as black as good people would paint them. We read of funerals not so sad, and weddings not so gay; of killers who were willing to "do a job" for him should he wish it done, of smug church members, of old sailors, of other clergymen. One could have wished he might have spent less time venting his spleen and more on "constructive" criticism, but this would be to try to rewrite his book for him. Further, one is generally in a fog as to where he is located, though the

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desire to obscure some of the personalities he discusses may have dictated this. E. D.

DREAM WITHIN HER HAND. (The Life Story of Dr. Cornelia Brant). By Alice Ross Colver and Helen Brand Birdsall. Macrae Smith. 1940. 309 *pp.* $2.75.

That this biography of a woman physician is a labor of love is obvious. That it is important biography, or even very interesting, cannot be said with the same conviction. Perhaps the authors loved their subject too well.

The story begins when as a little motherless girl, Nellie Chase journeyed from Chicago to Newark, there to begin life anew in the care of three Quaker aunts. The aunts are a delightful trio—undoubtedly the most interesting characters of the book—and their high-minded feminism was to influence profoundly the ambitions of their clever niece. Nevertheless Nellie Chase was not to put those ambitions into effect until she was thirty-six, had become Mrs. Harry Brant, and the mother of three children all of school age. That was in 1899 when she enrolled at the New York Medical School for Women. She was graduated with honors in 1903.

Dr. Brant believed in a personal God, in homeopathy, and in electrotherapy. But above all else she believed in the sanctity of the home. The fear that she might somehow fail in her sacred duties of wife and mother ruled her every action, and never once did her profession interfere with the divine rite of housecleaning. Indeed it is with her success as a homemaker rather than as a doctor that her biographers are mainly concerned. Doubtless of her two careers, this was the more onerous.

M. S. U.

SHADOWS ON THE VALLEY. By Barbara Webster. Scribners. 1940. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

There is an old saying one may hear in almost any American locality that has a history, particularly in one of the thirteen original states. "The best part of the potato," they often say, "is in the ground." It is with some such feeling that Miss Webster views her Chester Valley in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia and separated by a stony ridge from Valley Forge. The valleys seem indeed to be one, and in its earth are the bones of the large and willful men, the Colbys, Crocketts, Henrixsons, who wrested a republic from a king. Perhaps it is their shadows to which the title refers; they do appear at the end, grouped about the bedside of a dying woman to give shadowy speech to the family's memories. But it may be that it is the living Colby's and Crocketts who are the shadows in the valley. They are small in spirit and purposeless in movement, confused, unhappy, even unreal. Compared with their forebears they are the shadows of historic names, and if they appear often to be utterly uninteresting that is due to Miss Webster's fidelity to her point of view.

N. L. R.

International

THE END OF THE ARMISTICE. By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward. 1940. 224 *pp.* $2.

Whatever its merits, this little book serves to remind us of the gap in English literature left by G. K. Chesterton. Rarely have faith, wit, and clarity been so harmoniously combined. These thirty-seven essays, compiled by F. J. Sheed, illustrate all of these desirable qualities, as well as the delightful exaggeration that is so characteristic of his writings. The collection covers a period of some ten years, from about 1926 to 1936, and is directed toward the central problem of Germany.

Mr. Chesterton, as might be expected, expressed some decidedly unorthodox views on European affairs and, as also might be expected, was often right. He regarded Poland as "the Catholic culture thrust like a sort of long sword blade between the Byzantine tradition of Muscovy and the materialism of Prussia." Long before the events of last summer he predicted that "the Prussian and the Russian will agree about everything; especially about Poland." The chief target of his scorn is Prussianism. G.K.C. attacked with almost equal fierceness the "pacifists" who argued in the twenties that the World War was a mistake and that the Allies were hypocritical imperialists.

It is too late to chide Mr. Chesterton for overlooking nine important factors in the breakdown of peace in order to emphasize a tenth. Perhaps he was extravagant in his praise of resurrected Poland, and limited in his view of Germany as a whole. Who else can write such sentences as this: "But Anthropology gone mad, which is the right name for Race, means everlastingly looking for your own countrymen in other people's countries."

J. F. G.

Poetry

THE WORLD I BREATHE. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. 1940. 183 *pp.* $2.50.

Most of these poems in verse and prose are composed upon that elusive level where rhetoric ceases to be a device and becomes an obsession. A dozen times on every page one is struck by Dylan Thomas's virtuosity: as a technician in words he must be granted his place with the acknowledged masters of our time — with Pound, with Eliot, with Stevens. He is not, however, like them, a great poet; nor does the substance of "The World I Breathe" indicate that he promises to be one.

Mr. Thomas works with materials that suggest importance: with pigs and pyramids, with Eden and a fiddling serpent, with innumerable forks, with kissing poles, demons and strange beasts, with magic numerical progressions, with the rub of love. Yet all this material never seems to get beyond the associational state; it lacks even the authority of the dream. If a gifted enthusiast with a passion for words and a juggler's skill were to yield to a compulsion to write, he might write so. He would not, as this book's blurb suggests, be comparable to Crane; but the brilliance of his performance might very well dazzle the reader. Ancient Pistol had his moments, too, and the company at the Boar's Head was the better for them; but serious Pistolese, however vehement and strange, is an unprofitable diet, all the more disappointing because it seemed to promise so much.

D. F.

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Books and Pictures

THOMAS BURTON

THE item read: *Two hundred dollars for fresh vegetables to make fresh garbage for the Sewers of Paris scene in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."* And every day, with no sacred indignation, two hundred dollars worth of prize-winning vegetables were cut up to make super-garbage for this million dollar motion picture production.

Most of Hollywood's impotent fumbling and excessive faults, and *some* of its virtues, lay in that statement. Hollywood has kept away from real contact with life except in a few cases.

A fine example of fresh vegetable garbage is the motion picture "Primrose Path" which, it is a shock to learn, is the screen version of Victoria Lincoln's fine novel "February Hill." The novel was an honest story of a family of no goods living in drink, vice, and dirt, no one being any better than he could be. The characters were true to the author's idea of what happens to people who slip their leashes and let themselves drift into poverty and a hazy, dirty outlook on life and surroundings.

The motion picture based on this novel is interesting and entertaining, but lacks any real connection with the honesty of the book. Its gurgling, obscene jesting is not the horrible vitality of the original. The original Harris family of Fall River, Massachusetts, was so real and low that the libel suit was entered and is so far as I know still unsettled. The Adams family of Monterey, California, that appears on the screen will be the cause of no libel. The family, taken over by jolly bit players, are all what are known as "characters" with real hearts under their well-laundered rags. The shack dwelling needs paint —but isn't really very bad—much better than most low-income farm dwellings. The story has been toned down into a polite love story of the little poor girl who was found by the handsome stranger whose influence in the end begins to reform the family. Too bad, for "February Hill," the novel, was of the stuff of certain American families in the John Steinbeck manner—although Miss Lincoln is a much better craftsman than Steinbeck and never descends to the soft and sloppy sentimentality of "Of Mice and Men."

★ ★

Emile Zola has influenced many American novelists but none has emerged yet who has his power, his great driving force, his eye for a theme and its development. Frank Norris, who died too young, might perhaps have given us an American "Pot Bouille," "Germinal," or "La Terre." Hollywood has neglected the work of the great realist although a burlesque-house version of "Nana" was made that bore no actual likeness to Zola's study of the female member of the Rougon-Macquart cycle. Jean Renoir's French-made version of "La Bete Humaine" is now being shown in this country under the title "The Human Beast." See it. It is a magnificent, splendid photodrama, true to Zola, true to the art of the drama and great literature. It is a formidable thing of agonies and hereditary vices. It is not nice, neat, nor romantic entertainment. It is not fresh-fruit vegetable garbage and there is no happy ending. No hope of winning fortune or success. No story that Hollywood holds dear as meaning box office success. It is the drama of a harsh, austere man of inherited insanity, a study of passion in the life of a railroad worker. No camera work in Hollywood has ever been as wonderful as in these scenes of rushing trains and freight yards and terminals. The acting is not acting. It is great art lived by actors and directed by a fine director, respecting Zola's development of the modern novel. Zola is more than the writer of a part for Paul Muni. He is a great story teller.

★ ★

The nearest we have ever come to anything as powerful as this film is the old silent version of one of Frank Norris's novels screened under the title "Greed" and still shown by the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art. I regret to say that for the present this film cannot be seen outside of New York City.

Rudyard Kipling was dead before the Peace of Munich. As a writer he had been dead since the Boer War. What he had to say he said at the turn of the century and much of what he said he said well. A brilliant bigot, malevolent and harsh toward others, a gruff hater of all things American (except royalty checks) he was a God-gifted genius in the short story form and wrote a series of short classics that can be read with pleasure again and again. His poetry was second-rate and of his novels one was uneven and not a novel at all and the other was very bad. This last, "The Light That Failed," as motion picture material is stilted sentimental stuff of the "stout fella" "chin up" school. Two other silent versions of it had been made in Hollywood before the present remake which is a dull, solemn debacle. The picture is true to Kipling's original—given to posed heroics, untrue characterization, and as dated as are Kipling's militant snobbery of the White Man's Burden, Lesser Breeds Within the Law, and the whole daffy claptrap of public school Empire. Better stay home and reread the real magic to be found in "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "The Man Who Would Be King."

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INFORMATION, PLEASE! What Proust besides Marcel was celebrated when for what? See **Science Since 1500, by H. T. Pledge**, $2.15 postpaid, from **The British Library of Information**, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

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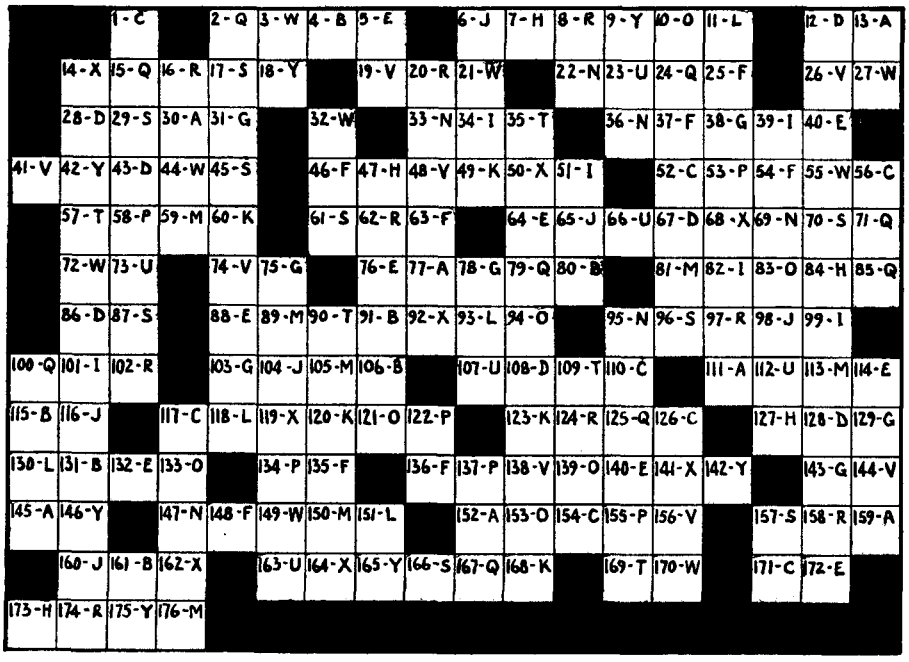
Double-Crostics: No. 320

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Poor person's one prized possession (2 words).

B. Jested or made sport.

C. Gimcrack.

D. Character in "Cymbeline."

E. Roll of the dead.

F. Of the nature of gnawing.

G. Feeble in the joints.

H. Self-command under strain.

I. Goneril's steward.

J. Grand; dignified.

K. Kind of Holland pottery.

L. Scribe of the gods (Egyptian).

M. Antagonistic.

N. Hebrew prophet.

O. Prize-distributing scheme.

P. Chief goddess of the Babylonian pantheon.

Q. Ichabod Crane's horse.

R. End lesson of the Synagogue Service (from the Prophets).

S. Death of the gods.

T. English dramatic poet (1652-85).

U. Come into the finest condition.

V. Elegant, well-turned expression.

W. Reduces to slag.

X. Engaged deeply.

Y. Medieval chemical-philosophic science.

WORDS

115	91	131	4	106	161	80		
159	152	13	145	77	30	111		
52	110	1	126	117	56	154	171	
108	67	28	128	86	43			
76	40	88	132	114	5	140	64	172
148	46	25	135	37	54	136	63	
103	38	129	78	31	143	75		
173	47	84	127	7				
101	51	82	34	99	39			
98	104	160	6	65	116			
168	120	49	123	60				
11	151	93	130	118				
89	113	81	150	59	105	176		
147	33	69	95	22	36			
121	83	94	139	153	10	133		
37	122	53	134	58	155			
71	24	100	15	125	2	85	79	167
20	97	8	158	102	174	124	16	62
61	96	45	29	17	157	166	70	87
169	109	57	90	35				
73	112	23	107	66	163			
48	41	19	26	138	144	156	74	
44	55	72	149	32	170	3	21	27
92	50	68	164	141	14	119	162	
9	146	165	42	18	175	142		

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE anecdotes and recollections of booksellers are always interesting. Ernest Dawson, whose admirable shop at 627 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, is a happy memory to so many visitors, writes some genial reminiscence in his 35th anniversary catalogue. The shop has been a kind of university of letters and fine arts for Mr. Dawson himself and his lively staff; we know of few booksellers who have so sensitively studied the trade in all its phases and also inspirited their employees to do so. ☞Ernest Dawson remembers that when he started in 1905 his shipments of rare books from Europe still came round the Horn, and deliveries were made by Ernest himself on a bicycle. In spite of changes many of his earliest customers are still actively buying. Those who collect and cherish booksellers' catalogues which have some special association will find this one an example of the authentic bibliodisia. ☞B. D. notes that this year marks the 300th birthday of Wycherley, the Shropshire Lad of the 17th century. In honor of this an adaptation of *The Plain Dealer* is being produced at Saybrook College, Yale University. The acting version, prepared by W. A. Aiken, is obtainable from Yale University Press.

★ ★

☞A letter from Charlotte, N. C., tells us that the Public Library of that city "has been closed for a year, due to a legal technicality." Apparently it can only be reopened by an actual majority of registered voters, and a Citizens' Committee is asking friends to testify on the question "Is a public library an essential community need?" ☞It certainly is, as much so as a bank or a post-office. Under modern conditions perhaps no group of population can properly call itself a "community" unless it has some sort of reservoir of books. ☞James D. Volts, 241 Springfield Pike, Wyoming, Ohio, reports that he and David Shulman will shortly publish *A Bibliography of Cryptography.* Apparently there is no existing work of this nature; over 1,000 titles relating to codes and ciphers will be listed, with critical and biographical comment. Also lists of works on signalling, espionage, etc. The price is stated as $5 postpaid.

★ ★

☞The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, announces *French Refugee Life in the United States, 1790-1800,* by Frances Sergeant Childs. The problem of refugees is tragically timely; this book deals with those interesting groups of French who escaped from the Revolution into what their philosophers had believed was a political utopia. ☞Alfred van Ameyden van Duym, expert in the technique of bookstore fenestration (or window display), has joined the staff of Scribner's and again has Fifth Avenue windows to play with. Van, as he is usually abbreviated, had charge of display in the Doubleday Doran chain for many years. We have always attributed to him the idea of the leaning pile of books that seems to defy gravity; made possible by a rod running through them unseen. But the delicate balance so closely imitated always draws a crowd.

★ ★

☞Winifred Clark, once with Farrar & Rinehart, now doing well as the Roving Secretary, reports that this summer she will operate from the Lake Placid Club. Those wishing to mix a little business with their Adirondacks may be glad to know this. ☞The British Library of Information (50 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.) is agent here for the publications of H. M. Stationary Office in London. Recent titles of interest to specialists are *The City of Oxford,* an architectural survey of that city's ancient buildings and monuments, and *Science since 1500,* a general survey from Copernicus to the present day. More complete details from the Library itself. ☞That frolicsome young outfit, The Colt Press (615 Commercial Street, San Francisco), utters an endearing apology for itself: "Overlook our frivolities, remembering that it is Spring . . . daffodils and the swish of white muslin, the sound of sprinklers on the lawn after a long dark winter, wreak havoc with what little dignity publishers ever have." ☞We are wondering about that white muslin: maybe this Little Colt is a distaff enterprise? Anyhow it wants to know should he (she) reprint Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners* abridged or entire, and asks your opinion.

★ ★

☞Those who suppose that the freshet of books by and about doctors is something recent will be interested in a remarkable catalogue, *Books about the Doctor in Physick and Literature,* from Schuman's, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.—on the very first page we find Balzac's *Le Médecin de Campagne* (1833) and the anonymous *Recollection of an Old Doctor,* published in Baltimore in 1846. ☞An exceptionally interesting catalogue in a special field, as also is the Scribner Bookstore (597 Fifth Avenue) 180-page listing of First Editions in Science, Medicine, and Economics. ☞Booksellers' catalogues are among the things that remind us that civilization will somehow pull through.

★ ★

☞Walter M. Hill, 25 E. Washington St., Chicago, catalogues an Oscar Wilde letter that gives us a chuckle. Dated 1898, it is written to Leonard Smithers apropos a cheap edition of the *Ballad of Reading Gaol:* "You are so accustomed to bringing out books limited to an edition of three copies, one for the author, one for yourself, and one for the Police," etc. ☞The phrase "The Forgotten Man," as everyone remembers, was revived by F. D. R. in 1932, from W. G. Sumner's essay of 1883. But it is generally forgotten that it had been revived once before, with resounding effect—by the late Walter H. Page. This we learn in looking through Burton Hendrick's *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page.*

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